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CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY.

ON LIGHT.

Light, in the common acceptation of the term, is that invisible etherial matter which makes objects perceptible to the eye. By some philosophers light is supposed to be a fluid, present at all times, but which must be put in motion, in order to excite the sensation of seeing: The followers of Sir Isaac Newton, on the contrary, maintain, That it consists of small particles of matter, emitted (or, rather reflected) from the luminous body; and which produce this sensation when they strike the *retina*. It is however certain, that rays of light consist of particles of matter, for they may be attracted or repelled, (a beam of light passing by the edge of a razor will be turned out of its course;) and that these rays move with such surprising velocity, that a particle of light passes from the sun to the earth (a distance of 90,000,000 of miles) that is, at the rate of 197.916 miles in a second. Yet He who in wisdom hath made all things, hath ordained that the particles of light should be so extremely minute, that, notwithstanding the amazing force which their velocity gives them, they strike the eye without occasioning any degree of pain to that delicate organ. 'It appears from calculation, that light moves two million times as fast as a ball shot from a cannon: and, consequently, if the particles of light were equal in bulk to the two millionth part of a grain of sand, we should be no more able to endure their impulse than that of sand shot point blank from the mouth of a cannon.' This is one amongst a thousand other proofs, that the one great and gracious Creator 'remembereth our frame, and considereth that we are but dust.'

The following well known circumstances prove the astonishing minuteness of the particles of light: A candle may easily be seen in the night at two miles distance, even if viewed through a pin-hole in a card: it therefore follows, that every instant there is emitted light sufficient to fill a circle of four miles in diameter, so as to leave no void space of the size of the fiftieth part of an inch, or a pin's point. Through a hole equally small, by day, may be seen objects which occupy almost an entire hemisphere, as the sky, trees, houses, &c. Rays of light must, therefore, pass through the aperture, at the same instant, from all these objects, and yet there is no confusion, the vision being perfectly distinct.

Thus diffusively and rapidly do the rays of light issue from the sun to enliven and revive the face of nature, but far more swift and beneficial thy coming, O my Saviour! thou Great Light of the spiritual world! to cherish and support thy suffering saints agreeably to thy promise: 'When they call, I will hear; and while they are yet speaking, *I* will answer.' On the wings of the morning thou fliest to the relief of the contrite spirit; yea,

'Compar'd with the speed of thy flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift winged arrow of light.'

"I WILL GIVE YOU REST."

The great difficulty which Christianity has had to encounter in other cases, is, that it requires submission to certain restraints. Its yoke indeed is easy and its burden light; but a yoke it was to the Greeks and Romans, and to the Celts and Goths whose previous belief laid them under few or no restrictions. In the Bramminical system every thing is burthensome, and its lax morality is a poor compensation for its oppressive ritual. A fine instance occured to the Danish missionaries of the effect produced by offering an easier law. A penitent on the Malabar coast, having inquired of the many Bramins and Yoguees how he might make atonement for his sins, was directed to drive iron spikes through his sandals, and go thus shod a pilgrimage of nearly five hundred miles. If, through loss of blood or weakness of body, he was obliged to halt, that was allowable till he had recovered strength enough to proceed. One day, as he was halting under a tree, one of the missionaries came and preached in his hearing from these words, *The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.* While he was preaching, the man rose up, cast off his torturing sandals, and cried out aloud, this is what I want! "And he became, says Thomas, a lively witness that the blood of Jesus Christ does indeed cleanse from all sin. Come ye who are heavy laden, is truly the invitation which the Gospel holds out to the Hindoos It is liberty to the oppressed, emancipation to the enslaved, equality to the degraded—good tidings of great joy to all. All human affections and instincts are on its side in Hindostan; it forbids the mother to expose or sacrifice her child, the widow to be burnt with her husband's corpse, the son to set fire to his living mother's funeral pile.—*Lond. Quar. Rev.*

From the New-York Observer.

GIVING.

In our country, where religious institutions are supported by voluntary donations, and there is no other way either justifiable or politic, it is worthy of remark, that though most professing Christians may be supposed to give something, yet the number of truly liberal Christians is very small in comparison with the whole. That necessary provision for "one's own household" which the Gospel enjoins, and the truly justifiable prudence which looks to laying up something for future exigences, it may be feared, covers up among Christians abundance of that niggardly and selfish disposition which is the very opposite of Christianity, and which could not exist where the benevolence of the Gospel was duly felt. The objections too, which are made both in and out of the church, to Missionary enterprize and the support of Bible and Tract Societies, on the plea that they are impracticable, too expensive, and that we should operate at home in preference to doing any thing abroad, are taken up by very many Christians with singular adroitness, and made a ground for withholding all aid and influence in the spread of religion. And thus it is, that the support of the benevolent institutions of Christianity rests chiefly on a few

But these benevolent Christians who have such a feeling regard for the destitute in their own neighborhood, that they dare not send a thought or a penny to the heathen who sit in "thick darkness," are the very ones who do the least for the institutions of religion at home.—They will give nothing for Missionaries, because the money is needed at home; they will give you nothing to educate Ministers, because, as some say, the Gospel can be preached by ignorant men. They will give nothing to charitable Societies in aid of the poor orphans and widows, because it encourages idleness; and if you invite them to think of their own parish and neighborhood, where the church is poor for want of a little missionary spirit, and the minister little better than a beggar, there will then be objections of some other kind I can tell such a man, *such a christian*, that he always will be poor. If he has thousands, his mean and selfish soul will still make him poor; while "the liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth shall be watered also himself"

I have always noticed that those large and liberal-minded Christians who believe that command of the Saviour a practical one, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," are also the most liberal and catholic in their spirit at home. Those towns too, where the Missionary cause is cherished with the most zeal, where the poor are supplied with Bibles and Tracts, and their children furnished with instruction, are the most eminently blessed in their own borders with plenty, contentment and good order. "The liberal soul deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand."

There is no small contradiction between the speech and conduct of him who prays daily, "Thy kingdom come," and who daily, or as often as he has an opportunity, refuses to give any thing to promote the coming of that kingdom,—or if he does give, he gives not all he consistently can, but as *little* as he can. He covers his *sixpenny* contribution with a hand that should largely replenish the treasury of the Lord, out of riches which the Lord has most bounteously entrusted to him—yet he prays daily, "Thy kingdom come." Is not this the highest insult a selfish Christian can offer Heaven? It is like driving away from your abundance a starving man, and saying to his hunger, "be ye fed," or to his nakedness, "be ye clothed."

Many a Christian, (we see it daily,) neglects and refuses, out of stupidity, or a sense of poverty, to give a slender pittance from his earnings to the spread of the Gospel, yet wastes upon some idle habit or pernicious gratification, ten times the amount, without compunction; such should remember that, "there is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty." C

From the (London) Christian Obs.

SUFFERINGS AND DELIVERANCE OF THE MISSIONARIES IN AVA.—(*Concluded.*)

Mrs. J. visits the members of government.

"For the next seven months, hardly a day passed in which I did not visit some one member of government, in order to interest their feelings in our behalf. The king's mother, sister and brother, each in turn, exerting their influence in our favor but, so great was their fear of the queen, that neither of them ventured to make a direct application to his majesty; and although my various efforts were useless as to their grand object, yet the hopes which they excited kept our minds from sinking, and enabled us to endure our long imprisonment better than we otherwise could have done.

"The last person to whom I applied, was the celebrated Bundoolah, just previous to his departure for Rangoon. He had gained some advantages over the native soldiers at Arracan, 200 of whom he had sent as prisoners to Ava; this, together with the circumstance of his having obtained two or three thousand English muskets, gained him a most favorable reception at court; and every honour, in the power of the king to bestow, was heaped upon him. He had the entire management of affairs, and in fact was the real king of the country. With fear and trembling I presented to him a written petition for the liberation of Dr Price and Mr Judson: he listened to the petition attentively, made some inquiries relative to our coming to Ava, and then said that he would reflect on the subject—"Come again to-morrow." My hopes were now more sanguine than ever; but the morrow dashed them all, when the proud Bundoolah uttered—'I shall soon return from Rangoon, when I will release the teachers, with all the other prisoners.'

Progress of the War.

"The war was now prosecuted with all the energy of which Burmans are capable. Their expectations of complete victory were high; for their general was invincible, and the glory of their king would accompany their armies. The government talked loudly of taking Bengal, when they had driven the presumptuous creatures from their own territories; and of destroying from the earth every white faced stranger. So great was their hatred to the very appearance of a foreigner, that I frequently trembled when walking the streets; and, that I might not immediately be recognized as a stranger, and sometimes gain admission to Mr. Judson's prison, I adopted the Burman dress altogether.

"Extortion and oppression had now become so familiar to us, that we daily expected their appearance in some new garb or other Sometimes for ten days together, I was allowed to see Mr Judson; and even then could gain admittance only after dark, when I was obliged to return to our house, two miles, without an attendant.

Means of communication with Mr. Judson.

"The means which we invented for communication, were such as necessity alone could have suggested. At first I wrote to him on a flat cake, baked for the purpose, and buried it in a bowl of rice; and, in return, he communicated his situation on a piece of tile, on which, when wet with water, the writing became invisible, but when dried perfectly legible. But after some months' experience, we found that the most convenient as well as safest mode of writing, was to roll up a chit, and put it in the long nose of a coffee pot, in which I sent his tea. These circumstances may appear trivial but they serve to show to what straits and shifts we were driven: it would have been a crime of the highest nature, to be found making communications to a prisoner, however nearly related.

The Burman Army.

"Bundoolah departed from Ava in all the pomp and splendour imaginable; commanding an army of between 40.000 and 50.000 men: he was to join the Prince Thar yar-wa dee, who had marched some months before, at the head of an equal number. The first two or three reports of the invincible general, were of the most flattering nature, and were joyfully received by the firing of cannon. Now—Rangoon was surrounded by the Burman troops: then—the fort on the pagoda was taken, and guns and ammunition sufficient for the Burman army, should the war continue ever so long: and next—his majesty might expect to hear, that not a white face remained in Rangoon! But no such report ever came: the cannons ceased to fire on the arrival of a boat, and soon it was whispered about that the Burmans were defeated, and thousands of them killed, among whom were many officers; and that Bundoolah and the few that remained had fled to Donaboo. With what anxiety did we listen for the report—"The English are advancing!" for, in the arrival of foreign troops consisted our only hope of deliverance.

"The war now dragged on heavily on the part of the Burmans; and, though the king and government continued to supply Bundoolah with what he required, yet their confidence in him was shaken, and their hopes far from sanguine

Mr. Judson's condition in Prison.

"The news, at length came, that the English army were advancing, and that they were within twenty miles of Donaboo. The town was all confusion, and the queen began to send away, to a more secure place, her immense treasure. It was now the first of March, the commencement of the hot season; which in Ava, is peculiarly severe. The white prisoners were all put aside of the common prison, in five pair of irons each; and where they were so crowded with Burman thieves and robbers, that they had not sufficient room to lie down. There were at the time nearly a hundred prisoners, all in one room, without a window or hole for the admittance of air, and the door half closed. I again applied to the governor of the city to allow the missionaries to be removed to their former place, or at least to let them remain outside of the door during the day. I offered him money, and promised to reward him handsomely when in my power; but all in vain. The old man shed tears at my distress; but said that it was not in his power to comply with my request, for his orders were from a high quarter: he had even been commanded to execute all the white prisoners in private; and to keep them in close confinement was as little as he could do. He ordered, however, that they shoul be always allowed to go outside of the door to eat their rice; and, when inside, be placed as near the door as possible. I was afterward informed from authority, that the queen's brother, Menthogyee, had ordered the governor to destroy the white prisoners; but that the governor, fearing they might be required by the king, dared not obey the command.

"The situation of the white prisoners was now wretched in the extreme. The heat during the day was dreadful: indeed, the confined air deprived them of inclination for food, and their whole appearance was more that of the dead than of the living. I daily visited the governor, and continued to entreat him to pity the foreigners, sometimes he appeared to feel for us, and seemed half inclined to listen to my request; but the fear of Menthogyee, doubtless, prevented.

Approach of the British Troops.

"It was now reported that the foreign troops had reached Donaboo; and it was whispered about that Bundoolah was dead. No one, at first ventured to say this openly; but the report was now conveyed officially to his majesty, who was mute with disappointment. while the queen smote her breast and exclaimed, 'Ama, Ama!' What was to be done now? Where could another general be found, and from what quarter could troops be raised? The prince and Woongyees at the Burmese camp had intimated the necessity of making peace; but this was too humiliating to be thought of for a moment. 'What!' said one of Woongyees at court, 'shall we allow it to be recorded in a future history of the country, that our glorious king made a peace with strangers, and gave them part of his territory? No, we will die first.'

"The pagan Woongyee, who had been in disgrace for some time, now thought it a good opportunity to retrieve his character and regain his influence. He petitioned his majesty to allow him to go at the head of a new army: and positively assured the king, that he would conquer the English, and drive them from Burmah. He was immediately raised to the highest rank, and all power committed to him. His first object was to manifest his inveterate hatred to every foreigner; and those who had for eleven months escaped confinement, now fell into his merciless hands, and were thrown into prison Among the number was Mr. Lonogo, a Spanish gentleman, who had twenty years been high in the king's favour, and had done all in his power to alleviate the sufferings of the foreign prisoners; but he was now among them."

Mr. Judson's sickness.

"Mr. Judson had now been in close confinement, and in five pair of fetters, for a month; and, with anguish indescribable, I saw him sinking under the weight of his sufferings. He was taken with a high fever. My distress and entreaties now prevailed with the governor of the city to give a written order to remove Mr Judson from the common prison into a little bamboo room, six feet long and four wide I also obtained an order to give him medicine, and visit him whenever I wished. I had removed into the Governor's compound, and was living in a bamboo house, where the thermometer daily rose to 106; but thought myself happily situated to be near the prison, and allowed to visit Mr. Judson, who began now to hope that he should recover from the fever, as his situation was so much better than before."

His removal from Prison.

"But new and dreadful trials were before us. I had gone in, one morning, to give Mr. Judson his breakfast, and intended spending a few hours as usual, when the governor, in great haste, sent for me I was agreeably disappointed, on appear-

ing before him, to find that he had nothing in particular to communicate, and that he was uncommonly kind and obliging. He had detained me a long time, when a servant came in hastily, and whispered that the foreign prisoners had all been taken out, and he knew not where they were carried. Without speaking to the governor, I ran down stairs into the street, hoping to catch a sight of them; but they were beyond the reach of my eye. I inquired of all whom I met which way the white prisoners had gone; but no one knew. I returned again to the governor, who declared he was perfectly ignorant of their fate, and that he did not know of their being taken out of prison till a few moments before. This was all false; as he had evidently been detaining me to avoid witnessing the scene that was to follow. He also said, with a meaning countenance, 'You can do no more for your husband; take care of yourself.' This was a day never to be forgotten. I retired to my little bamboo house, and endeavoured to obtain comfort from the only true source; but my mind was in such a distracted state, that I could not steadily reflect on any thing. This one thought occupied my mind to the exclusion of every other—that I had seen Mr. Judson for the last time, and that he was now probably in a state of extreme agony. In the evening I heard that the prisoners were sent to Ummerapoorah; but what was to be their fate was not yet known. The next day I obtained a pass from government to follow Mr. Judson, with my little Maria, who was then only three months old; and, with one Bengalee servant, set out on my journey. We reached the government house at Ummerapoorah; and were informed that the prisoners had been sent off two hours before to Oung-pen lay, (a place similar to Botany Bay,) whither I immediately followed. I found Mr. Judson in a most wretched state. He had been dragged out of his little room the day before, his shoes, hat and clothes, excepting his shirt and pantaloons, had been taken from him, and in his feeble state of health, and in the hottest part of the day, had been literally driven ten miles with a rope tied round his waist. His feet were torn in such a manner, that, for six weeks, he was unable to stand. He was nearly exhausted with pain and fatigue, when a servant of Mr. Gauger's, who had followed his master, took from his head his turban, gave part of it to Mr. Judson, who hastily wrapped it about his feet, which enabled him to proceed without sinking. He and Dr. Price were now chained together; and with the other prisoners, put inside of a small wood-prison almost gone to decay: We afterwards were informed that the pagan Woongyee had sent the foreigners to this place, with a design to sacrifice them in order to secure success in his contemplated expedition; but the king, suspecting him of treasonable intentions, caused him to be executed before he had time to accomplish his designs.

Mrs. Judsons' illness.

"I here obtained a little room from one of the jailors, where I passed six months of constant and severe suffering. Mr. Judson was much more comfortably situated than when in the city prison, as he had only one pair of fetters; and when recovered from his fever and wounds was allowed to walk in the prison inclosure. But I was deprived of every single convenience; and my health, which had enabled me to bear severe trials hitherto, now began to fail. I was taken with one of the country disorders; and for two months, was unable to go to Mr Judson's prison. Our little Maria, who had just recovered from the small pox, was near starving to death, as I could neither obtain a nurse nor a drop of milk in the village. But our Merciful Father preserved us all through these dreadful scenes; and at the expiration of six months, an order arrived for the release of Mr. Judson, and I was allowed to return to our house in town.

Mr. Judson's release from prison.

"The king was much in want of an interpreter, and, from selfish motives, had given orders for the release of Mr. Judson, who was immediately conducted to the Burmese camp, then at Wialown, where he remained six weeks, translating for his majesty; he was then sent back to Ava, and, as a reward for his services, ordered back to the Oungpen, to prison, but before the order could be executed, I sent* Moung Ing to Koung tong, who was now high in office, and had for a long time manifested a disposition to help us; and begged that he would intercede for Mr Judson, and prevent his being sent again to prison.—Koung tong complied with my request, offered to become security for Mr. Judson, and took him to his house, where he was kept a prisoner at large nearly two months longer.

"The British troops were now so rapidly advancing, that the king and government felt the necessity of taking some measures to prevent their arrival at the capitol. They had several times refused to listen to the terms which Sir Archibald Campbell had offered: but they now saw that there was no other hope for the preservation of the 'golden city.' Mr. Judson was daily called to the palace, and his opinions requested in all their proceedings, and the government finally entreated him to go as their ambassador to the English camp. This he entirely declined; but advised their sending Dr. Price, who had no objections to going. Dr. Price being unsuccessful in his mission, on his return Mr. Judson was taken by force, and sent with him again. Sir Archibald had before this demanded us, together with the other foreign prisoners; but the king had refused, saying, 'They are my people; let them remain.'—We then did not venture to express a wish to leave the country; fearing that we should be immediately sent to prison. Mr Judson communicated our real situation to the General; who, with all the feelings of a British officer, now demanded us in a way that his majesty dare not refuse; and on the 21st of February, after an imprisonment of nearly two years, we took our leave of the 'golden city,' and all its magnificence, and turned our faces toward the British camp, then within 40 miles of Ava.

Arrival at Rangoon.

"No one can conceive our joy, when we had safely passed the Burman camp; for then we felt, indeed that we were once more free, and out of the power of those whose *tender mercies are cruel*. The British General received us with all that kindness and hospitality for which your countrymen are so far famed, provided us with every comfort during a fortnight's residence at the camp, and kindly sent us on to Rangoon in his gun boat. We deeply feel the kindness of Sir Archibald Campbell; for under the direction of Providence, he has been the means of delivering us from the iron grasp of the Burmans. May God reward him a hundred fold, and prepare him for the future enjoyment of heaven!"

* "I was then unable to move, having been ill with typhus fever in Mr. Judson's absence; in which I lost my reason, and was senseless several days."

PRIVATE PRAYER.

"Acknowledge the Lord in all thy ways, and he shall direct thy paths."—PROVERBS.

An English clergyman, preaching from this text, observed as follows:—

"Archbishop Cranmer, who died a martyr, said that the day he signed his recantation back to popery, he omitted private prayer in the morning. This brought to my recollection the two memorable occurences of my life, when I omitted private prayer, and went to my business. On each day I had an accident that nearly cost me my life; but in mercy I was spared to my family. Private prayer is a high privilege. I cannot neglect it any more than I can neglect my food. It is my grand stay for each day. And I feel that unless I acknowledge God herein, I have no right to expect his guidance and protection."

WHY THE BIBLE IS NOT UNDERSTOOD.

"Rica having been to visit the library of a French convent, writes thus to his friend in Persia concerning what had passed: Father, said I to the librarian, what are these huge volumes which fill the whole side of the library? These, said he, are the interpreters of the scriptures. There is a prodigious number of them, replied I; the scriptures must have been very dark formerly, and very clear at present. Do there remain still any doubts? Are there now any points contested. Are there, (answered he with surprise), are there?—There are almost as many as there are lines. You astonish me, said I; what then have all these authors been doing? These authors, returned he, never have searched the scriptures for what ought to be believed, *but for what they did believe themselves.* They did not consider them as a book wherein were contained the doctrines which they ought to receive, but as a work which might be made to authorise their own ideas."

SIN.

If you would be free from sin fly temptation; he that does not endeavour to avoid the one, cannot expect Providence to protect him from the other. If the first sparks of ill were quenched; there would be no flame, for how can he kill who dares not be angry; or be an adulterer in act who does not transgress in thought; how can he be perjured that fears an oath; who defraud, that does not allow himself to covet.

CONSCIENCE.

No man ever offends his own conscience, but, sooner or later, it will be revenged on him.

AMERICAN AND BRITISH CHARITIES.

The amount of donations to thirteen of the principal benevolent societies in the United States, for the past year, was *two hundred and eighty eight thousand dollars.*

The amount received by fifteen of the benevolent societies of Great Britain, for the year 1825, was *one million one hundred and seventy six thousand dollars.*

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Letter from the Rev. Dr. Cleland, to the Editor, dated

New Providence, March 28th, 1827.

Mr. Skillman,

DEAR SIR:—On last Sabbath I assisted brother Sneed, at Springfield, Washington Co., on a sacramental occasion. The weather was highly favorable, affording the people an opportunity of attending with great convenience, which they did, in crouds, both day and night. Such a season of refreshing from the Lord, was never before witnessed in that place. Many appear to be awakened from their carnal security, and are asking what they must do to be saved. *Twenty-six* persons, old and young, but mostly of the latter class, and all belonging to the congregation of Springfield, except *five*, were admitted to the communion for the first time. Out of this number *twelve* received the *symbol* of the Holy Spirit's baptism, by the *sprinkling of clean water upon them*, "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." About 200 persons sat down to commemorate the Saviour's dying love, which caused him to lay down his life and shed his "precious blood" for their immortal souls. I am sure that this interesting occasion will be gratefully remembered down to life's latest hour, and through the endless ages of eternity. May it be God's good pleasure to shed his richest blessing upon every branch of his Zion in this western land and throughout the world, till his name shall be known from the rising to the setting sun.

Affectionately yours, &c.

THOMAS CLELAND.

For the Western Luminary.

AWFUL DEATH OF A MODERN APOSTATE.

The name of this unhappy man is at present omitted, on account of many of his surviving friends, whose feelings may be wounded by making the circumstance, at this time, public; but suffice it to say, that the writer was well acquainted with the person in question, and who lived a near neighbour, and in the same town for a number of years.' 'About the year 1800 he professed to have obtained religion during the revival of religion in the western country. He had been in early times, an Episcopalian, but at this time connected himself to the Methodist Episcopal Church in the town of ——.

For some time, he bore the character of a pious, humble Christian, and scarcely was he ever found without his Bible by his side. I found, after some time, that he was fond of criticising on various parts of the scriptures, and the first thing which led me to fear his situation was, his rejection of all those parts of scripture which his reason could not comprehend, alleging that that could not be revelation to him, which he could not understand. I soon after found that he had embraced the Unitarian scheme, also that of the Socinian, denying the divinity and atonement of Jesus Christ. Shortly after this, I found him supporting the doctrine, that God was infinitely merciful, and in the end would, without exception, save, and make happy, all his rational creatures. Soon after this, in conversation, I found he denied the being of God entirely, and held that all things came by chance, and said, *in course*, that when he died, there would be nothing more of him than the beasts

This was the last conversation I ever had with him, at the same time assuring him, that if he did not repent, his portion would be with those of the bottomless pit; and although he could now entertain such horrid sentiments, that the hour of death was fast drawing on, and it would then be seen whether he could die calm and comfortable with such sentiments. He assured me that, should I see him in the near approaches of death, I should see him die as calm and as composed as any of our christians could, or would do. I assured him that I firmly believed that God would not suffer such a wretched creature to close his eyes in peace; but would hold him up as a warning to others, by some mark of his displeasure—at which we parted. He had been lingering for some years under a consumption, yet being a man naturally of uncommon bodily strength, it was supposed that he might live several years. But shortly after this, he was suddenly confined to his bed. The first thing which gave alarm to his friends, was a sudden and loud shriek. Soon after he was deprived of sight, hearing, and speech. This was, I think, on Friday morning before day. I was desirous to see this atheist on a bed of death, yet I did not visit him until Saturday night. I found him surrounded by three or four of his infidel friends, with those of the family.

Never did I witness such a scene of suffering as was visible in every feature. There appeared a universal distortion from the souls of the feet to the head. At times he would reach his hands back over his head to the wall, which he would scrape or scratch like some wild ferocious beast. At times he would open his mouth to an unusual width, then close it with a gnashing of the teeth. The sinews of the neck were so distorted, and drawn so tight, at the same time the head being thrown back, that those sinews appeared to form a large cup in front of the neck, into which there appeared to issue large quantities of a mixture of blood and water, of which those present were witness, and which was repeatedly removed by the attendants. I again visited him next morning, *Sabbath*, still hoping he might come to the use of speech. But found him nearly as the night previous, with this exception, that he had recovered the sight of one eye, (the other, I think the right eye, having actually bursted and run out) which he fastened on me, as I stood at his bed's feet. His wife (who had also drank deeply of the same principles,) requested that I should touch him, assuring me that he knew me, and was desirous to speak to me. But so awful was his appearance, that I had not fortitude either to touch him, or speak to him. He appeared to summon every effort to speak, but could not.

In the afternoon I again visited him, and found him as usual, except a general cramp, which had seized his feet, legs, arms, and hands; and my conclusion was, that he would not live past 12 o'clock that night. But in this I was mistaken, as he did not die till 6 o'clock next morning. Although I did not see him from Sabbath evening, yet there were several persons of great respectability who attended him at several times through the night, and who assured me that his sufferings which I had witnessed, were nothing in comparison to what he endured through the night, and near the last struggle.

Thus ended the days of that wretched apostate, who was in the habit of again and again cursing even the very name of Jesus. I have seen him swell with perfect rage, when the blessed name of Jesus was mentioned. At times he said that he regarded Him, whom we call God, as little as he did his old slippers. His own wife, far advanced in years, together with a daughter and son-in-law, very soon after died, all of whom had been in the same church, and who also had imbibed the same soul destroying sentiments.

OBSERVER.

REVIVAL IN ROZRAHVILLE, CONN.

The Recorder & Telegraph contians an account of a powerful revival of religion in Bozrahville, Conn a manufacturing village, containing about 200 inhabitants. The following is an extract.

"So visible and so extensive has been the effect in the Factory, that of 70 employed under one roof, there are not ten arrived to years of maturity, who do not manifest a change of heart and of life. Instead of spending their leisure moments in idle and profitless conversation as they once did, their thoughts, their feelings and their language, are now *in Heaven* Instead of meeting for vain and ungodly amusements, they now meet in circles for prayer, where their highest happiness consists in praising the Father and giving glory to the Son.

For more than 12 weeks they have assembled in the Factory at an early hour for morning devotion.—These meetings have been peculiarly beneficial to their spiritual and their temporal interests; to their spiritual interests, by solemnizing the mind and satisfying the soul that seeks communion with God; to their temporal interests, by exciting a *general* feeling of faithfulness, and producing a punctuality which does not often exist in such establishments. When the hour for labour arrives, they are ready to commence their daily avocations. Many who visited these scenes, found them peculiarly interesting; and ministers of the gospel who attended the morning devotions, were ready to exclaim, "We have seen praying colleges, but we never before saw a *praying* Factory."

The *Holy Spirit* did not limit his blessings to the Factory. His silent, yet powerful agency was felt by others His arrows of conviction were fastened upon the aged as well as the young; upon parents as well as children. His still small voice was heard, and his solicitations regarded, by the youth who had pursued with eagerness the phantoms of pleasure; by the man of middle age who had before plead his own morality, as a ground of acceptance with God; and by the man of grey hairs who had rested 30 *years* upon that fatal delusion which cries "*peace peace*," when *God* tells us there is *no* peace to the wicked, Youthful pleasures, external morality, or *Universalism*, could not then justify the awakened conscience—All, with *one heart* and *one language*, were ready to say, "God be merciful to us sinners." Their only hope now was in Christ, and their only way of access was by penitence.

Thus, the work spread in the families surrounding the village. For nearly four months it has been advancing more or less rapidly, and every succeeding week hus multiplied converts to the Lord Jesus Christ. The second sabbath in January was appointed for the reception of the candidates to the church. Many, who felt it a duty and a privilege to name Christ, looked forward to the event with deep anxiety.—They feared lest they were deceived, and if so, they might bring reproach upon the cause they desired to honor. When the time arrived, 65 offered themselves in the presence of a crowded assembly. They came not into the presence of men merely, but into the immediate presence of God, there to take upon them vows from which they could never go back. This was a scene, which may be imagined, but cannot fully be described. Here were children,—the subjects of early consecration and of persevering prayer, about to declare themselves children of the *Most High;* and now for the first time to partake with their parents, of those emblems which reminds us of a Saviour's agonies, and

point us to the communion above.—Here were brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, about to unite in that covenant which binds us to the throne of Jehovah.

REVIVAL IN BOSTON.

Within two or three days past, we have seen several gentlemen from Boston, who agree in the opinion that the prospects of the revival were never so animating as now. The Tuesday and Friday evening meetings, the former designed more especially for the congregations, and the latter for the churches, are fully attended and solemn. Christians, many of whom in the early part of the revival seemed but little quickened, are becoming more unitedly, engaged in prayer and faith and effort. The inquiry meetings are increasing, both in the number of attendants and in solemnity. In Old South, Park street, Union and Hanover societies, the number present at the last meetings was more than an average of 100 to each.—In some of the Unitarian societies, Sabbath Schools and evening meetings have been established. Many have been added to the evangelical churches, and others have either offered themselves for examination, or contemplate doing it soon

It may be added for the encouragement of prayer, that this revival, in the 14 months since it commenced, has not only refreshed the churches of three denominations in Boston, but has also extended to Charlestown, Woburn, Concord, Cambridgeport, Newtown, and partially to several other towns in the vicinity. In Woburn and Newtown it is powerful. We are in possession of many additional facts, but it is thought best not to communicate them at present.

Since writing the above, we have been favoured with a letter from a gentleman in Boston, from which we make the following extract: "The state of religion here, has at no time been more encouraging than now. The Holy Spirit is exerting his power in all the five orthodox Congregational societies, and in the three Baptist. The whole number present at one time in the various Inquiry Meetings, exceeds 500.

N. Y. Obs.

From the Missionary Herald.

STATE OF RELIGION

The prospects of the church in our land are peculiarly favourable at the present time. No year, perhaps, since the settlement of our country, has commenced with so many revivals of religion. These are not confined to one state or district. In almost every part of our land, God is raising up pious men on the spot, to elevate the standard of morals, and Christian activity; and thus is kindling lights here and there, over our extended territory, which we trust he will cause to burn brighter, and to increase until our whole land, and the hearts of all its inhabitants, are enlightened and purified by the holy influences of his Spirit.

It would occupy too much room, to give any details, or even to give a general statement of all the revivals, of which accounts are received in our weekly religious papers. While it would be delightful to rehearse the accounts of them all, it is still more delightful to know that they are too numerous to be rehearsed. A few only of great extent, or otherwise of peculiar interest, will be mentioned.

It is interesting to know that one of our southern colleges has been visited with the influences of the Holy Spirit. This has been the case with Athens College, in Georgia. This revival has extended to the inhabitants of the town, and 50 have, as is hoped, been born again. About 30 of these are students in the college. Many besides have been added to the Baptist and Methodist churches.

Washington, in that state, has also been blessed in a similar way, and about 100, besides many among the colored population, have been hopefully converted. There was much serious inquiry existing at Milledgeville while the Legislature of the state was in session at that place, and several of the members of that body were anxiously attending to the subject of religion.

At Fayetteville, N. C. 35 were added to the church within seven months. Between 50 and 100 have been added to the church in Spottsylvania, Va.

In Danville and Harrodsburgh, Ky. 100 each;—in Stanford, 20.

At Easton, Pa. there is a revival, in which it is supposed that 30 or 40 have been made new creatures in Christ. There is also a revival in Carlisle, and several of the students of Dickinson college, situated in that town, have been the subjects of it.

In Cayuga presbytery, N. Y., nine out of the 42 churches connected with it have been favored with the peculiar influences of the Holy Spirit; 900 have been hopefully converted, and 607 have been added to the churches.

In Oneida county, there have recently been revivals in 30 towns, and *more than three thousand* are indulging the hope that they have been reconciled to God. In Ogden more than 100 are indulging a similar hope: 55 of them are heads of families. In Ogdensburgh presbytery, the number of converts amounts to about 500. Various other towns in the central and western part of the state, have enjoyed similar seasons of gracious visitation. In the eastern parts of the state also, there is an increased attention to the subject of religion In Troy, Canaan, Brunswick, and New Lebanon, there are powerful revivals of religion

In the vicinity of Hartford, Con. there are also revivals. Within 26 miles of Hartford, including Springfield, Mass. 700 were added to the churches on the first Sabbath in January. There are revivals also in the vicinity of New London, and the most animating prospect in many other parts of the state.

In Providence, R. I. a revival has very recently begun;—and another in Plymouth, Mass. In Boston, and a considerable number of towns in its vicinity, the Holy Spirit is leading numbers to inquire anxiously what they shall do to be saved, and causing many to rejoice in hope. In addition to these, there are many towns in the counties of Worcester, Hampshire, and Berkshire, where men are pressing into the kingdom of heaven. The same is true of many towns in the state of Vermont;—in Barre, it is hoped that 200 have very recently been born again.

About thirty towns in New Hampshire are now enjoying a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Most of these are in the south eastern part of the state.

It must be obvious to all, that the Head of the church is greatly strengthening the cause of religion by these revivals. He is strengthening it in the heart of our country, and at the extremities. The number of those who pray and set a pious example, and by their daily conduct elevate the standard of morals, is greatly increased. The number of those who will contribute of their property to disseminate Bibles, and Religious Tracts, and to send preachers of the Gospel to the destitute parts of our land, and to heathen lands, and to aid every other benevolent institution, is greatly increased. Many of the subjects of these revivals are young, and not a few of them, having experienced the power and excellency of the Gospel themselves, will undoubtedly endeavour to become preachers of it to others; and to them we may look for a supply for those churches, which the death of their fathers will soon leave vacant; and to them we may look too, for heralds to carry the Gospel to the destitute parts of our country, and to all the dark places of the earth.

Donations to the American Board.—The Missionary Herald for March, acknowledges the receipt of $8,109 44 from Jan. 21st to Feb. 20th inclusive; of which $2,923 were from this city. The above is exclusive of legacies to the amount of $467 50, and clothing valued at over $200. Among the donations is $500 from an anonymous donor, who says in the accompanying letter, "The wants of the heathen world, our increasing obligations to God, the necessity of working while the day lasts, and the value of souls, have convinced me, that it is my duty to devote, not a part of my present income, but of my *capital*, to the glorious work of evangelizing the world." The formation of 82 Auxiliary Missionary Associations is also announced, the whole number of which exceeds 1000.—*N. Y. Obs.*

RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPERS.

Ambassadors of Christ, we address you. We are laboring to promote that cause to which you have dedicated your lives. We would impart to your minds, not our own spirit, which is too cold and lifeless,—but we would impart some portion of that spirit which shall give life and energy to your exertions in extending the dominion of Christ. Do not those of your churches who read a Religious Newspaper, and take a lively interest in the progress of the Gospel abroad,—do not they afford you the most efficient aid in promoting religion at home? Are they not the pillars of your churches? Do they not adorn their high and holy profession? This it is well known, is generally true. You will therefore, in lending your influence to secure a support for this Paper promote the interests of religion in your own congregations. It is our request also that you will send us such communications, to fill our pages, as you think will be conducive to the prosperity of Christ's kingdom.—*Visiter & Telegraph.*

From the New York Observer.

IMPORTANT RESOLUTIONS.

1. *Resolved*, That I will think.
2. *Resolved*, That I will think much of Jesus Christ.
3. *Resolved*, That I will do it now, and act accordingly.

FEMALE BIBLE SOCIETY.

The Annual Meeting of the *Lexington Female Bible Society*, will be held in the Episcopal Church, on Tuesday next, 10th inst. at 10 o'clock.

DIED,

On Thursday evening last, at his residence in Lexington, Capt. Jacob McConathy, a worthy citizen and an old resident.

In Lexington, on Saturday morning last, Mrs. Nancy Bishop, consort of Mr. Purnel Bishop.

From the Missionary Herald.

PUBLIC STATEMENT OF ASAAD, THE ARAB CONVERT.

"We feared, (say the Editors,) that this document had been lost, while on its way from Syria to this country.—Very recently, however, two copies of it have come safely to hand, so that we are now able to lay before our readers an article, which, considering its origin, and its inherent merits, must prove in the highest degree interesting to the intelligent and reflecting.—Whoever reads it, will be struck with the ability of the writer, with his love of truth, and with his profound regard for the Scriptures, as the only basis of religious faith.

"The first paragraph shows, that the statement was made with a view to the members of that Church, from which the writer had felt himself bound to dissent.

"*Asaad Shidiak*, or *Asaad Esh Shidiak*, is called, by Mr. Bird, a "young man," and once, "a youth," but his age we do not know precisely. Mr. King calls him *Sheik Asaad;* "Sheik" being a title of honour, or of office, or of both. He was educated at the Maronite College of Ain Warka, and before becoming the instructor of Mr. King, was private Secretary to the Patriarch of the Maronites. This Patriarch having issued an order against the circulation of the Scriptures among his people, (which we may notice more particularly in a future number,) and the missionaries having published a reply to it, this young man prepared an answer to their reply, and sent it to the Patriarch, to be promulgated; which, for some reason, he did not think proper to do. It is pleasing to see him now preaching the faith, which he once attempted to destroy.

"Subsequently to publishing the following statement, Asaad fell into the hands of the Maronite Patriarch, who resorted to the most violent and cruel measures to bring him to an abandonment of his belief Fears were entertained by the missionaries, that he would even be put to death."

Beyroot March. 1826.

Respected Brethren and Friends,

Since many have heard a report, that I have become insane; and others, that I have become a heretic; I have wished to write an account of myself in few words, and then let every reflecting man judge for himself, whether I am mad, or am slandered; whether following after heresy, or after the truth of the orthodox faith. Every serious man of understanding will concede, that true religion is not that of compulsion, nor that which may be bought and sold; but that which proceeds from attending to the word of God, believing it, and endeavouring to walk according to it to the glory of God; and that every one, whose object is solely contention and who does not obey the truth, but follows after unrighteousness, is far distant from the true religion. This is the standard, by which I would be judged by every one who reads this narrative.

About eight or nine months ago, I was employed by an American by the name of J. King, in teaching him the Syriac language. At that time, I was very fond of engaging with him in disputatious conversations, to prove him to be in error; but with none but worldly motives, to display my talents and knowledge, and acquire the praise of men. After this, I applied myself to reading of the word of God with intense interest. Now this person wrote a farewell letter to his friends in which he excuses himself from uniting himself with the Roman Catholic church. After reading this letter, I found, in the Holy Scriptures, many passages, which made against the opinions of the writer. These passages I selected, and from them and other evidences, composed a reply to him. But when I was copying the first rough draught of the same and had arrived to the answer to the last of the objections, which he said prevented his becoming a member of the Roman Catholic church, viz. that the Roman Catholic church teaches, that it is wrong for the common people to possess or to read the word of God, but that they ought to learn from the Popes and Councils, I observed the writer brings a proof against the doctrine from the prophet Isaiah, viz "To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to my word, it is because there is no light in them."

While I was endeavouring to explain this passage also, according to the views of the Roman Catholic church, with no other object than the praise of men, and other worldly motives, I chanced to read the 29th chapter of Isaiah, from the 15th verse to the end. I read, and was afraid. I meditated upon the chapter a long while, and feared that I was doing what I did, with a motive far different from the only proper one, viz the glory and the pleasure of God. I therefore threw by my paper without finishing the copy, and applied myself diligently to the reading of the prophecy of Isaiah. I had wished to find, in the prophets, plain proofs, by which to establish, beyond contradiction, that Jesus Christ is the Messiah, so long expected from ancient days; proofs that might be made use of in answer to Moslems and Jews. While I was thus searching I found various passages, that would *bear* an explanation according to my views, but did not find them sufficient to enforce conviction on others, until I finally came to the 52d chapter, 14th verse, and onward to the end of the next chapter.

On finding this testimony, my heart rejoiced, and was exceeding glad; for it removed many dark doubts from my *own* mind also. From that time, my desire to read the New-Testament that I might discover the best means of acting according to the doctrines of Jesus, was greatly increased. I endeavored to divest myself of all selfish bias, and loved more and more to inquire into religious subjects. I saw and continue to see, many of the doctrines of the Roman Catholic church, which I could not believe, and which I found opposed to the truths of the Gospel; and I wished much to find some of her best teachers to explain them to me, that I might see how they proved them from the Holy Scriptures. As I was reading an appendix to a copy of the Sacred Scriptures, printed at Rome by the Propaganda, and searching out the passages referred to, for proving the duty of worshipping saints, and other similar doctrines, I found that these proofs failed altogether of establishing the points in question, and that to infer such doctrines from such premises, was even worthy of ridicule. Among other things, in this appendix, I found the very horrible *Neronian* doctrine, *that it is our duty to destroy heretics.* Now, every one knows, that whoever does not believe that the Pope is infallible, is a heretic in his opinions.

This doctrine is not merely that it is *allowable* to kill heretics, but that we are *bound* to do it. From this I was the more established in my convictions against the doctrines of the Pope, and saw that they were the doctrines of the ravenous beast, and not of the gentle lamb. After I had read this, I asked one of the priests in Beyroot respecting this doctrine, and he assured me, that it was even so as I had read. I then wished to go to some place, though it might be a distant country, that I might find some man of the Roman Catholic church sufficiently learned to prove the doctrine above alluded to.

After this, as I was at Beyroot teaching a few Greek youths the Arabic grammar, I received a letter from his holiness the Maronite Patriarch, saying that if I did not cease from all assistance whatever to the English, and that if I did not leave them within one day, I should, *ipso facto*, fall under the heaviest excommunication.

Thinking, as I did, that obeying my superiors, in all things not sinful, was well and good, I did not delay to leave, and so went to my friends at Hadet; but still thinking very much on the subject of religion, so that some people thought me melancholy. I loved exceedingly to converse on religious subjects; indeed I took no pleasure in any worldly concerns, and found all worldly possessions vain. After this, I received a second letter, from his holiness the Patriarch in which he said thus: "After we had written you the first letter, we wrote you a second; see that you act according to it. And if you fulfil all that was commanded in it, and come up to us when we come to Kesran, we will provide you a situation." But I saw that nothing in which I was accustomed to take delight, pleased me any longer. I returned again, and after sometime, to Beyroot; and after I had been there no long time, Hoory Nicholas arrived, brother to his holiness the Rev. Patriarch, with a request from the latter, to come and see him, which I hastened to do. Hoory Nicholas then began to converse with me, in the way of reprimand, for being in connexion with the English. I replied that, as we ought not to deny the unity of God, because Mussulmans believe it, so we ought not to hate the Gospel because the English love it.

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So, about the 7th of January, I left Beyroot, with Hoory Nicholas, and arrived at Der Alma the same night.—His holiness the Patriarch, was not there. On the next day, when he came, I met him, and saluted him in the road. In the evening he called me into his chamber, and began to ask me questions, that he might discover what I was; and I answered him telling him the whole truth, although this course was opposed to my personal convenience. At this he seemed surprised, for he must have perceived, that it was contrary to what he had been accustomed to see in me. Afterwards, when I declared to him, that I never had before been a believer, according to the true living faith he was probably still more astonished. He then asked me, if I believed as the Romish Church believed. I again told him the truth, that I did not. He asked then what was my faith, and I answered to the following purport: "True and living faith must be divine, connected with hope, love and repentance, and that all these virtues are the gift of God, &c.; that I believed the truth as God had inspired it and that it would be but a lie, if I should say that I believed as the Romish Church does, while in fact I do not. I must have proofs."

After some conversation like this, he told me that this doctrine of mine was heretical, and that as long as I remained in this state of opinion, he would suffer no one to have intercourse with me in buying and selling, &c.—This prohibition of his brought to my mind the words of the Revelation, xiii. 17.* Then he gave me to understand, that if, after three days, I did not get back out of this state, I must no more enter the church. At other times, he wished me to swear by the Eucharist and by the Gospel, that my faith was like the faith of the Roman Catholic church. He asked me if I was a Bible man; I replied, "I do follow the opinions of the Bible men; but if you think me a Bible man on account of my opinions I have advanced, very well."

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When, after some days came Bishop Abdalla Blabul and Padre Bernardes of Gzir, the Patriarch one day called me to them in his chamber, and asked me what I wished, whether money or office, or whatever it might be, promising to gratify me, speaking of his love to me, and of his great interest in my welfare. These professions I know to be sincere, but they are according to the world, and not according to the Gospel. I assured him that I wanted nothing of the things he had mentioned; that I was submissive and obedient to him; and that if he thought of me, that I had taken money of the English, he was welcome to shut me up in my chamber as in a prison, and take from me every thing that I possessed; that I wished from them merely my necessary food and clothing, and that I would give them this assurance in writing.—The bishop and priest then begged me, in presence of the Patriarch, to say that my faith was like that of the Romish Church. I replied, that I feared to tell a falsehood by saying a thing, while actually in my reason, I did not believe it.

"But," said they, "the Patriarch here will absolve you from the sin of falsehood." I turned to the Patriarch and put the question whether he would so absolve me. He answered that he would. I said. "What the law of nature itself condems, is out of the power of any man to make lawful.' He then again asked me what I wished to

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*"He causeth all—to receive a mark," &c. "and no man might buy or sell save he that had the mark or the name of the beast." The Patriarch was also clothed in scarlet, like the woman on the scarlet colored beast.

do. I said, I wish to go and see the Armenian Patriarch Gregory, and inquire of him what I ought to do. He consented, and requested me, when I had done this, to return to him, to which I agreed. I was accompanied by a priest from the station of the Patriarch to the College of Ain Warka where I found Hoory Joseph Shabeen with whom I conversed a considerable time and with great pleasure; for I found that for himself, he did not believe that the Pope was infallible in matters of faith that is to say, unless in concert with the congregated church I then began to confess to him: but when *I* saw that he held steadfastly some opinions for no other reason than that the church so believed and that without bringing any proper evidence of the fact, viz. from councils or from the fathers, and burst out upon me with exceeding bitter words, saying, "Know that the church neither deceives nor is deceived, and be quiet;" and when I wished him to instruct me according to the word of God, with the simple object of glorifying God and fulfilling his will, I saw that he was not disposed to support any opinion because it was according to the word of God, but because so thought the church; and I saw him also ready to retain these opinions, although I should bring the strongest evidences against them from the Holy Scriptures. He told me that it was impossible for him to teach any thing contrary to the council of Trent So I found I could not receive his system, because, though you should show him that it was wrong, he would not give it up, lest with it he should be obliged to give up his office. I therefore told him, you are bound, i. e. shut up as between walls, by the doctrines of the Pope and the council of Trent.

In conversation on the images, he would have proved their propriety from Baronius' church history. We found this author quoting the sacred Scriptures to prove that our Saviour sent a picture of himself to the king of Abgar. I declared that it was false, in so far as he stated that the *Gospel* made any such statement, and on that account I could not believe the story. To this he gave me no answer. After this, as we were reading this book, and found a statement respecting the bishops collected in Constantinople to the number of 313, that they decreed the abolition of the use of images, because it was idolatrous, and that in the clearest terms,—I asked him the question, "If an assembly composed of the bishops of the church were infalliable, how is it that this council is said to have committed an error?"

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At this time one informed me that his holiness, bishop Jacob, superior of the convent of Bezumar, wished to see me. *I* set off the same day, and on my arrival saluted the Patriarch, and on the same night reasoned on the subjects of faith, hope, and love. It appeared the Patriarch's opinion was, that a man may be possessed of living faith, faith unto salvation, although he should feel nothing in his heart. I answered him with a quotation from St. Paul, "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."—But this did not convince him. He explained the *heart* to mean the *will*—It then appeared to me that he was not a true believer, and from that time forward I could not believe him as I would believe a real Christian, but I wished to hear his worldly arguments. On the following day, I asked him how it can be said, that the Pope was infallible if there were no proofs of the fact to be brought. *I* asked him if this pretension of the Pope was that of an apostle, or a prophet? If an apostle, or a prophet; he could not be believed without miracles, and that we Christians were not to believe any one, though he were to bring down fire from Heaven.* His replies to me were weak; and after considerable conversation on what is the church of Christ, on the ignorance that is pardonable, &c. he began to prove that if the Pope is not infallible, then there is *no religion, no Gospel*, and even *no God*. But I observed all his proofs so weak, that I could not be convinced, and I fell into deep perplexity as to what I should do For, sometimes I greatly endeavored to submit my judgment to his rules and opinions, and made these efforts until my very head would ache. The next day I asked him what was that *great city*, ruling over the kings of the earth, mentioned in the Rev. xvii 18! After he had brought his book of commentaries, he answered that it was Rome, which is also called, spiritual Babylon, or Babel; and after wishing me to yield to his opinion, or that of the book, he said nothing more. From this time I was with the Patriarch every day for three or four hours, and his best advice to me was to pray to St. Antony of Padau, together with one repetition of the Lord's prayer, and one of Hail Mary, &c. every day for three days. When I was thus in doubt from the weakness of their proofs, one of the monks said to me, "If you wish to know *good tobacco*, ask the Patriarch." I hoped that this priest would explain to me those doctrines of the Romish church, which I could not believe: so I went into his chamber and questioned him very particularly on all points He expressed his wish that we might discuss together all the points one by one, but on condition that the Patriarch Joseph should appoint him to do so. He told me he had in his possession a book refuting the opinions of Luther and Calvin. I begged permission to read it! but he refused, telling me that the doctrines of the church all remained unrefuted. He wished me to go down to the Patriarch Joseph on this business. So after a stay of four days from my arrival, I departed for Ain Warka, according to my promise to Hoory Joseph.

Here I found one of my friends, of whom I had heard that he had been very much astonished at my connexion with the Bible men. After I had seen him and had conversed a little on some points, he would no longer hear me, fearing among other things lest he should be crazed. When we touched on the subject of the great city above mentioned, he told me that he had seen a book of commentaries on the Revelation, which made the city clearly to be Rome. At this I wondered greatly, since the meaning was so clear that not even the teachers of the Romish church herself could deny it I then finished my confession to Hoory Joseph Shaheen and about sunset the same day, went down to the Patriarch to the convent Alma. He requested me again to write a paper stating that my faith was according to the faith of the Romish church From this I excused myself, begging that such a thing might not be required of me; for the council of Trent had added nothing to the rule of faith, which was established by that of Nice, which begins, "I believe in one God," &c. A short space after, I gave him my advice, with modest arguments, and mild suggestions, on his duty to cause the Gospel to be preached in the church among the Maronite people; and offered him the opinion that this should be done by the priests in the vulgar language, every Sabbath day, for the space of one or two hours; and if this should appear too burthensome to the people, to take off from them some of the feast days. After this I remained silent in my chamber, near to his own; and as there came to me a few of the deacons of the Patriarch, and others, *I* read to them at their request in the New-Testament printed in Rome.—But in a little time after, I entered my room, and found in it none of all the books that had been there, neither New Testament nor any other, and I knew that the Patriarch had given the order for this purpose, for he reproved me for reading the Gospel to them, but he could accuse me of no false or erroneous explanations, or that I taught them any thing heretical.

One day after this he called me to his presence, and began to threaten me in a most unusal manner. I said, "What do you wish of me, your reverence? What have I done, and what would you have me do? What is my sin, except that I conversed with some individuals, shewing them the errors of the church of Rome!" Then he requested me again, to say, that I believed as did that church, and said, grasping me firmly by the chin, "see how I will take you if you do not repent." I begged him to appoint some one to shew me the truth, by way of discussion, but he would not, and continued expressing his own sentiment, that we are bound to hold fast to the church, even to such a length, that if she should even reject the Gospel, we should reject it too

And here I wish to say a word to every reader that regards and loves the truth; how does such doctrine appear to you! and how could I believe in all which the Romish church holds, without *knowing* all of it! and how could I say without a lie, that I believe, when I do not believe?

When I saw the Patriarch breaking out with an exceeeding loud and unusual voice, I was afraid that I should be found among "*the fearful*" (Rev. xxi. 8.) and rose to depart When I reached the door, I turned and said to him, "I will hold fast the religion of Jesus Christ, and I am ready for the sake of it to shed my blood, and though you should all become infidels, yet will not *I*;" and so left the room.

*See Rev. xiii. 13.

PALESTINE MISSION.

Good News.

The last Monthly Concert was one of the most interesting ever held in Boston. The intelligence communicated was altogether the most important, especially when considered in its bearings upon the future prospects of Missions, of any ever received by the Board at one time.

The intelligence to which we allude, is contained in a letter from Mr. Goodell, at Beyroot dated Sept 29th and Oct. 5th, 1826 It appears that Mr. King, when he set out on his return to this country, left a *Farewell Letter* to the people of Syria. This contained a testimony to the great truths of the gospel. A translation of this letter was sent to Constantinople, with copious marginal references to scripture proofs prepared by Mr. Goodell. This letter excited great commotion among the *Armenians* 100 000 of whom reside in that city and neighborhood. A general meeting of the monks priests, and patriarchs of that church was held; attended also by the Greek patriarch of Constantinople and the Greek patriarch of Jerusalem, who happened to be then in the city. Mr. King's letter was read, and discussed at length, in that meeting The long neglected Bible was produced in the conclave, and the references consulted. The consequence was, a division in the assembly, and a warm discussion of the practices of their own church. But eventually several resolutions were passed, which clearly show that strong convictions of truth had seized on the minds of a major part; and that light has dawned, even upon the ecclesiastics of the Armenian Church, which must, ere long, subvert the fabric of their superstition. The substance of the resolutions is, that the Patriarch should dismiss the monks and priests from the Convent at Jerusalem, and appiont a few persons in their places who have been married but are widowers; that no new monks or priests be appointed for twenty five years; that no women or boys go on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem; that men who go should not be permitted to remain there more than four days; and that they no more witness "the pretended miracle of the holy fire."—*Rec & Tel.*

Capt John Brown.—Died, in the Arkansas Territory sometime last autumn, Capt. JOHN BROWN, the father of Catharine and David Brown, aged about 65 years. He had been a member of the church of Christ among the Cherokees, nearly five years, and adorned his profession to the last, by a bright example and benevolence. Mr. Brown had the satisfaction of seeing two sons and four daughters also members of the Christian church.

Charles R. Hicks.—We have moreover to record the death of CHARLES R. HICKS, the venerable and highly respected India Chief, whose name, since the Board commenced a mission among the Cherokees, has often appeared on the pages of the Missionary Herald. He died near the commencement of the present year Mr. Hicks was, for many years previous to his decease, an exemplary member of the Moravian church, which has had a mission among the Cherokees since the year 1801; but his regard was extended to every measure, from whatever source it originated, that had a tendency to improve the moral, intellectual, and social character of his countrymen.—*Mis. Her.*

POETRY.

For the Western Luminary.

Mr. Skillman,

You will oblige me by giving the enclosed few lines a place in your Western Luminary.

Yours respectfully,
A SUBSCRIBER.

CONFESSION.

Nay, holy father, come not near,
The secrets of my heart to hear;
For not to mortal ear *I* tell
The griefs that in this bosom swell,
The thoughts, the wishes, wild and vain,
That wander through this burning brain
Frail fellow being! why should I
Before *thee* kneel imploringly?
'Twere worse than madness to believe
Man can his brother worm forgive,
Or yield unto the contrite one
That peace which comes from heaven alone.
No! let me spend my vesper hour
In commune with a higher power;
The world shut out, I'll lowly bend
To my Almighty Father, Friend;
To him for mercy I'll appeal,
To him my inmost soul reveal;—
He knows the heart that he has made,
By each alternate passion sway'd,
And can forgive it; for he knows
Its wants, its weakness, and its woes.
By his protecting pardon blest,
How sweetly might I sink to rest,
And sleep, his sheltering wing beneath,
Though 'twere the last dark sleep of death.

ROSA.

MEMOIR
OF THE LIFE OF
MISS CAROLINE E. SMELT.

[*Continued.*]

After she was somewhat refreshed, and became more able to speak, she proceeded, in the presence of several persons, to give her mother a statement of what had passed after they had mutually taken leave of each other, as related above. She said she had for several days been very anxious to depart, and be with Christ—not that she felt impatient under her sufferings—no—she would not have desired *one pain less;* but she wanted to enjoy the bliss of heaven, and to see her Redeemer, all glorious as he is. "For if my soul," said she, "was so enraptured with the communications of his love while on a sick bed, what would it be when completely transformed into his glorious image? This day I have been signally blessed with divine views; and from my general feelings, I thought nature was dissolving. I was enabled to smile upon death. I brought my coffin to my view, and said, 'O! that this feeble clay-body were but quietly deposited within your narrow limits!' I thought of my burial clothes—I could not decide on what I should like to be dressed in—I considered that I had nothing sufficiently plain. But I soon dismissed those unimportant reflections, and felt nothing but an increasing anxiety to depart. My feelings bordered on impatience. This was sinful; for I should have held every wish in sweet subjection to the divine will. But to continue. When I parted with you, I fully believed that my gracious Redeemer would call me in a few moments. I placed myself in a ready position. At that instant I entered a dark labyrinth—it was dark as midnight; but I felt no fear. I thought it was the dark valley of death, and that my Saviour would soon meet me.—He did not come. I waited a considerable time—I became impatient—I said, I shall be disappointed at last. I began to be alarmed; I prayed; my faith strengthened: I felt composed and comforted. At length I said, will not my Saviour come? The answer was, no; you will have to return, and wait God's time. Dismay seized me. I repeated, must I indeed go back to the world? All at once I was filled with peace: I opened my eyes, and found I was just where I had started from. I prayed for the grace of God to support me under this disappointment. I heard what my dear aunt said, and immediately, by a power not my own, was obliged to cry out, Glory! O my mother! I see it was intended as a trial of my faith. I see I required more submission to the will of my heavenly Father. It was a great struggle, but faith has come off victorious. I am now perfectly resigned to the will of heaven. I have not a single wish of my own. I am now willing to live, or ready to die, which ever God pleases. He knows what is best for me, and *'has caused the enemy to entreat me well in time of evil, and in the time of affliction.'* I feel the love of God in my heart, and know that I am his."

She then inquired after her father, and requested her mother to go and tell him she felt so much revived that she thought it probable she should remain some time longer with them. That night she rested well, and the next morning was evidently better.

September 9th. This day she was sensible of a great change, which favoured the hope of her recovery; but she said she felt no anxiety, except to promote her Redeemer's cause; and to the utmost of her power were her efforts continually directed to this end. She exhorted and admonished every one who entered her room, of whatever age, rank, condition, or colour. To detail the whole of her pious exercises, would require a volume; and it is deeply regretted that much has escaped the memory of her best friends. This is not wonderful, when it is considered that bodily indisposition and sorrow of heart, confined her parents to sick beds for days together.

She was often visited by the Rev Mr. D., and other professors of religion of distinguished reputation for piety. It is worthy of remark, that instead of administering instruction or comfort to *her*, they became delighted *listeners*, mute with astonishment; and, except in the article of *praying with her*, they seldom said more than merely to make a few inquiries respecting her health. One of them observed that he came to receive instruction—to be taught of her; for she was a preacher of righteousness. "She strives," said he, "with all the powers of an almost inspired eloquence, to induce every one around her to embrace that Saviour, whose arms are ready to embrace every fallen child of Adam that will turn to him and rely on his ability and willingness to save." She expressed great satisfaction whenever they called. She frequently sent for Mr. A. M., from uniting with whom in prayer, she derived peculiar delight. She called him her dear brother in the Lord.

One day, after being visited by some pious persons, she observed to her mother, that it afforded her great pleasure to converse with the children of God; "for to them," said she, "I speak in a known tongue. They know the import of every word, having been taught in the same school. O mother, I now understand that passage in the Holy Scriptures, which tells us, *the wisdom of man is foolishness with God.* It is indeed foolishness—perfect folly. All that I ever knew is but as a drop to the ocean in comparison with what I now feel and know. The holy Comforter is indeed a divine teacher. Oh! that all the world would seek after true wisdom, for her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

September 10th. She was still better, her fever light, and all her symptoms favourable. On this day she conversed freely and frequently with her mother, and referred, with great pleasure, to her acquaintance with the Rev. Mr. J. She said "she had often felt very solemn under the preaching of the Rev. Dr. Thompson; but these impressions would soon pass away; they were like the early cloud and morning dew. But under Mr. J.'s preaching she had been made to see, and to feel the necessity of having an interest in Jesus. Oh, mother! if you live to see that man of God tell him what the Lord has done for my soul. Tell him he was one of the happy instruments employed by my heavenly Father to bring me to Christ. Tell him all; it will fill his heart with joy and gladness." Mrs. Smelt then observed to her daughter, that she hoped she would live to tell him herself. Caroline replied, "my mother, you must not wish or hope; leave the event to God, who doeth all things well. When I reflect," said she, "on my deportment towards Mr. J., I think how great must his discouragements have been. I wonder that he did not give me up; but he did not. How often has he said *come out from the world, Miss Caroline, O come out!* and on one occasion he observed, *if you will come out from the world, I feel as if a host would follow.* Nothing but his engagedness in his Master's work, could have made him so anxious for my eternal welfare. Oh! if I could now see him, I would speak to him without reserve. I should be delighted to receive the sacrament of the Lord's supper from his hands; and I am resolved, if I am raised from this bed, the first place I shall go to, will be the church. I will there present myself in the presence of the congregation, and make a publick profession of my faith in Christ. Oh how I lament that I have so often neglected opportunities of doing this when I was in health! Now I should delight to take my mother by the hand, and, in the presence of seven millions of people, take a seat with her at the table of the Lord."

When she desired an interest in the prayers of the church, she addressed the Rev. Mr. D. thus: "Mr. D., I desire an interest in the prayers of your congregation to-morrow. Will you oblige me, sir, by stating that Caroline Elizabeth, only daughter, only child of Doctor Smelt requests an interest in the prayers of God's people? She desires *not that they may pray for her life;* but that God may graciously please to continue his divine love to her—that she may continue to feel the same dutiful resignation to his blessed will—the same patient submission under sufferings, which he has kindly bestowed on her for a number of days past," &c. She then requested Mr. D. to administer the sacrament of the Lord's supper to her. In this he was ready and willing to gratify her; but the physicians considered her too feeble to sustain the exercises necessary, without injury to her health. When she heard the objections, she replied, with great meekness, "it is well; I deserve the disappointment. I often rejected this feast when all things were ready; and now, when I am ready, my kind friends think it inexpedient. Well, the Lord permits it thus to be; it is right—it is just that I should be disappointed *here;* but he will not refuse me a seat at his table above."

She then recited much of the Lord's dealings with her from the time when she was seven years old. She said she had been surprised that so many people had shown a love to her—that sometimes she had been so uncharitable as to suppose the attentions which she had received, proceeded from an idea that, as she was an only child, and the darling of her parents, she expected great civilities—for which reason she had thought it probable that several persons had made a display of love and friendship towards her, which they did not really feel; for she herself felt as if she had no attractions. "But now," said she, "I see what it was—God loved me, though I did not know it at the time, and he put it into the hearts of his children to love me also."

(*To be continued.*)

THE TRUE SUBLIME.

A gentleman was once engaged in a controversy with a clergyman, and declared that no writer, ancient or modern, rivalled Homer in the sublimity of his conceptions. To prove this assertion, he cited the following passage:

"Jove frowns, and darkens more than half the skies." There! cried he, what passage will you find equal to this? A frown from the brow of my Heathen Omnipotent, overshadows half the skies with darkness.

The clergyman did not ruminate long for an answer. He opposed him by the following quotation of the 20th chapter of Revelations, v. 11th.

"And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and heavens fled away, and there was found no place for them." Your fabled god, he remarked, could only put half the heavens in a ferment by the distortion of his visage. At the bare appearance of the Christian Deity, creation trembles, and seeks annihilation for shelter.